

White Cloud



Kansas Chief.

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Choice Poetry.

DO THEY MISS ME AT HOME?

Do they miss me at home—do they miss me?
Do they miss me at home—do they miss me?
Do they miss me at home—do they miss me?
Do they miss me at home—do they miss me?
Do they miss me at home—do they miss me?
Do they miss me at home—do they miss me?
Do they miss me at home—do they miss me?
Do they miss me at home—do they miss me?
Do they miss me at home—do they miss me?
Do they miss me at home—do they miss me?

WE MISS THEE AT HOME.

We miss thee at home—do they miss thee?
We miss thee at home—do they miss thee?
We miss thee at home—do they miss thee?
We miss thee at home—do they miss thee?
We miss thee at home—do they miss thee?
We miss thee at home—do they miss thee?
We miss thee at home—do they miss thee?
We miss thee at home—do they miss thee?
We miss thee at home—do they miss thee?
We miss thee at home—do they miss thee?

Select Tale.

THE CAPTURED SPY.

A SKETCH OF THE REVOLUTION.

During the month of March, 1778, the British army being at Philadelphia, and the American army at Valley Forge, the American commander-in-chief was desirous of having some information concerning the state of affairs in the city, and desired Captain Allen M'Lane to pick him out a few trusty men for the purpose. M'Lane selected five of his own men, with Sergeant John Marks for leader, and sent the latter to headquarters to receive instructions.

Marks was a very young man to be entrusted with important services, being only twenty-two years of age; but M'Lane had frequently marked his conduct in camp and field, had made himself well acquainted with his character, and knew that he could be thoroughly relied upon. He was fully instructed by Gen. Washington, as to the information desired, and left camp at dark, arriving in a short time at Port Kennedy, on the Schuylkill. At that point he struck across the country, and by means of by-ways, with which he was well acquainted, evaded the scouting parties of the enemy, and arrived at Lancaster, soon after dark. Here he posted his little troop in a cedar hollow overlooking the river; while he, in the disguise of a countryman, with a sack of vegetables, made into the city. He not only escaped detection, but managed to learn something of importance. Promising to return in a few days, with more vegetables, he was enabled to leave town leisurely, with a passport in his pocket. He joined his men without suspicion about night-fall, and after dark the little party set out on their return.

Now, had Marks kept in the course by which he came, it is possible he could have reached the American lines in good time, and safely. But it happened that about a mile from the river, at a point nearly opposite Spring Mill, there lived a farmer, who, although a Quaker, and a non-combatant, was well disposed to the cause of the Revolution. The information that the British were in the city, and that the American army was at Valley Forge, was known to him. He was a Quaker, and a non-combatant, but he was well disposed to the cause of the Revolution. The information that the British were in the city, and that the American army was at Valley Forge, was known to him.

pistol-shot from Marks, which tempted the challenger from his horse. A general alarm at the farm house succeeded, and was answered by a bugle call a short distance ahead. Marks found that he had come upon a post of the enemy, and dashed on with his force. At a turn in the road a hundred yards further, they found a small detachment across their path. As the Americans knew the road forked on the other side of this force, and their chances of escape were good, if they could reach the left-hand road, which was a mere by-path, to be ridden by only one horseman at a time, they charged, sword in hand.

Three of the troop managed to break through, and escaped, but Marks, and a stout trooper named Gahl, were intercepted. The two Americans were taken prisoners, and carried back to the house of M'Lane.

Marks was filled with chagrin, partly at his folly in taking the most dangerous path, and partly at his inability to convey to the commander-in-chief the valuable information he had picked up in the city. He veiled his mortification, however, in a cool and careless demeanor, and in reply to the lieutenant commanding the British detachment, said that he had been out on a foraging party, had lost his way, and managed to get in sight of the city before he discovered his blunder.

After some more questions which were answered in what seemed to be an open manner, the lieutenant directed the Americans to be placed, securely bound and guarded, in an upper room of the house, there to remain till morning. By way of comfort he gave them the assurance that they would both be hanged as spies.

Marks with his companion passed a sleepless night; it was not alone the prospect of an ignominious death which troubled him; but he had learned enough in the city to know that a surprise movement similar to that attempted on the previous fourth of December, against the American forces, was set down for the following day, and was aware that it was entirely unexpected. He revolved various plans of escape in his mind, none of which appeared to be practicable, and finally concluded to dismiss any premeditation on the matter, and be merely prepared to take advantage of unexpected circumstances.

At daylight, the prisoners were brought down and placed upon the porch, while Lieut. Draper and the men under his command took breakfast in the house. The horses of the troopers, with those of Marks and Gahl also, were all saddled and hitched to the fences, under charge of a little Scotchman by the name of McPherson. Priscilla, accompanied by Lieut. Draper, came out, the former leading some food. After it was partaken of, Priscilla laid the dishes, knives and forks upon a bench on the porch, and listened with apparent interest to the questions put by the Lieut. The latter, by way of encouragement, assured the two Americans that if they gave true statements their lives would be spared—otherwise they would certainly be hanged. He then left them, Priscilla remaining behind.

The Quaker girl, still appearing not to recognize Marks, said to him, loud enough to be heard by the soldiers who were passing to and fro:

"I would advise thee, friend, to tell all thou knowest. Friend Draper will keep his word with thee, I am sure." She then added in a low voice, "Keep still, John, and I will save thee."

Other conversation followed, and Priscilla, who had concealed a sharp case knife in her sleeve, managed to cut the prisoners' bonds, without observation; cautioning them at the same time not to move too soon. She told them that the Lieutenant's horses, one of which was ridden by his servant, and both standing nearest the gate, were the swiftest of all, and then went out.

McPherson, who suspected that some manoeuvring was being made, came on the porch to inspect the fastenings of the prisoners. As he did so, Gahl, who was a powerful man, struck him between the two eyes with his full force, and the Scotchman fell backwards from the raised door to the ground, striking his head against a stone so severely, as to take away his senses for the time. Before the alarm could be given, Marks and Gahl were mounted on the officer's horses, and galloping furiously up the road Draper rushed out, and hurried pistol shots being ineffectual, ordered a pursuit. But the fugitives had got too much start, and pursuit was soon abandoned.

About four miles further on, Marks and Gahl fell in with three troopers of the enemy. The Americans were without sabres, but they wore pistols in their holsters, and with these they settled two of them. The third put spurs to his horse, and turning down a cross road, escaped. Marks and his friend were in too much of a hurry to pursue him, and rode on towards the camp, where they arrived that afternoon. The information that Marks brought, was of essential service. The British arrived during the night, but found such formidable preparations made to receive the attacking columns, that they quietly retreated by the road they came.

Marks and Gahl were promoted. The latter was made a sergeant, and was killed afterwards in a skirmish at Van Dam's Mill. Marks served through the war, became ultimately a captain, and distinguished himself in several actions. After the war he returned to Chester County, and Priscilla became his wife. The latter was formally "disowned" by her sect for "marrying out of meeting." The

expulsion did not appear to affect her spirits much, for she became a contented matron, and lived to a good old age, surviving her husband two years. The descendants of the couple still live in Chester and Montgomery Counties, with the exception of a grand son, George Marks, who is, or was recently, a thriving farmer in Vinton County, Ohio.

Miscellaneous.

YOUNG ROSALIE LEE.

BY PHILIP PENDELTON COOKE.

Love is a sweet emotion—
Love is a sweet emotion—
Love is a sweet emotion—
Love is a sweet emotion—
Love is a sweet emotion—
Love is a sweet emotion—
Love is a sweet emotion—
Love is a sweet emotion—
Love is a sweet emotion—
Love is a sweet emotion—

The Missouri.

The longest river in the world—is for many reasons the most peculiar. Rising in the mountains of the extreme North, in a region of perpetual snow, and flowing South and East for a distance of three thousand five hundred miles, and traversing varied regions of country, it still preserves, through its whole course, nearly an average uniform width and depth, and the same remarkable turpitude of its water, characterizes it through its whole course. Its tributaries are very numerous, and many of them—like the Yellowstone, the Platte, L'An qui River, Riviere a Jacques and White River—drain a vast extent of country, and yet not one is navigable, even for a small craft, and during the Autumn their beds are almost dry. Large steamers have ascended the Missouri river for a distance of two thousand five hundred miles above its mouth, and judging from its depth and width as far as Milk River, as well as from reports of traders familiar with the stream above that point, steamers of light draught, capable of carrying one hundred tons, can ascend with ease, during high water, as far as Fort Benton, the highest trading point within three hundred miles of its source. St. Louis City, 1050 miles above St. Louis, is the terminus of civilization on the Upper Missouri; for although a few white settlements are met with above this, still the country really belongs to the red man. The Valley of the Missouri widens from Omaha to the Little Sioux—where we find, for a short distance, high banks, and then very soon come to the beautiful Vermilion prairie, that being a portion of the valuable Territory lately sold to the general government by the Yankton Indians. The river is very crooked at this point, curving upon itself until it almost meets—a short cut across the country of five miles equalling forty by water. One hundred and fifty miles above Fort Randall is the great bend where the Missouri again curves upon itself, making a distance of fifty miles around, and only four from point to point by land. Midway of the bend is the Chain of Rocks, nothing more than a few large stones, projecting about a foot above the level of the river at low water, and entirely covered during a rise.

A NOBLE LOOKING INDIAN GIRL—A soldier in the U. S. army, writing from the Camp below Red river, New Mexico, under date of July 29, communicates to the Richmond Dispatch the following:

"It was here that I saw the noblest looking Indian girl that my eyes ever beheld. Her dress consisted of a piece of brown cotton cloth wrapped around her loins and hanging to the knee. On her head she wore her native war plume. She was tall, straight as an arrow, and had a free wild Indian look, that was quite taking. (Some of her tribe were given to another kind of taking that required all our watchfulness to prevent.) She appeared to be about 18 years of age, and was the wife of a young chief about 20 years old. It was interesting to see with what respect she waited on him. Her example would be edifying to the wives of more civilized life. But it was amusing to see with what worldly indifference the young savage regarded her attentions. I trust I have too much of the native gallantry of my own Erin to see anything to commend in this example of coolness towards such a devoted and sweet spouse, although exhibited by one of the rulers of the earth."

A NEWSMAKER EDITED BY AN ANGEL.—The Locomotive, published at West Point, Miss., is edited by John J. Angel. An exchange takes it for granted, there is no devil in the Locomotive office.

An Interesting Reminiscence.
The Albany Evening Journal, in noticing the retirement of J. R. Giddings from public life, thus recalls some of the events and prominent men that have marked that long career. It is interesting:

So ends the long service of the "Father of the House." Failing health compels his withdrawal from the scene of his labors. The twenty years that have passed over him there, have whitened his head and bent his shoulders, but they have never found his voice faltering or his heart wavering in the struggle for Freedom.

Every chair in the Old Hall of Representatives must be fraught with memories of the past to the "Senior Member." He has seen generations of short lived politicians rise, fall, and become forgotten. He has seen faithful public servants removed to other trusts, and many to another world. Round the entire circle of the Hall his eye falls to find a single member who sat there when he entered it, and who has set there with him since. Adams has gone to his reward. Ogden Hoffman, Charles G. Atherton, Leverett Saltonstall, Edward Curtis, Barnwell Rhett, Dixon H. Lewis, and many others are also gone the way of all the earth. Hunter and Bell transferred to the Senate. Wise to the gubernatorial chair. Brown is dispensing the patronage of the Post Office Department. Clifford wears the stately judicial robe of the Supreme Court. Stanley has gone to that terra Incognita, California. Truman Smith, Cooper, Welles and Williams, after exchanging Representative for Senatorial honors, are departed from the Capitol. Corwin, after a brilliant career as Governor, Senator and Secretary, is proposing to return again to the field of his early distinction.

Pickens and Hopkins have been trying the pleasures of Foreign Courts. Briggs and Lincoln are ex-Governors. Granger and Cave Johnson are ex-Masters General. Strong and Marvin are on the New York Bench. Moses H. Grinnell, Christopher Morgan, and Thomas Kempshall are still co-laborers in the good cause of yore, though no longer companions in office.

Like changes have altered the aspect of the Senate Chamber. Clay, Webster, Benton and Calhoun, then in the zenith of fame, now live only in history. Buchanan now occupies the White House—Pierce has lately left it. Wm. R. King became Vice President and died abroad. The grave has closed over Silas Wright, and "Honest John" Davis. Walker has had his ups and downs with every turn of the wheel of Fortune, and is now ex-Governor of a place that he had then never heard of. The only chair that retains its old occupant is that filled by John J. Crittenden, the veteran of the Senate, as Giddings is of the House.

Empires have risen and fallen; Kingdoms turned into Republics, and Republics into Kingdoms; six new States have entered the Union, and three new Territories have been brought under our flag; Presidents have gone up like rockets, and come down like sticks; Compromises have been made and broken; War has followed Peace, and Peace again succeeded War; Trade has expanded and collapsed; Parties have risen, flourished and decayed; Platforms have been built and torn down again—since he took a seat in the Hall of Representatives, during all the changes Joshua R. Giddings has proved alike faithful to friend and foeless to foe. His successor can have no higher ambition than to leave as unblemished a record.

How to Recip for a Kansas Trip.

A traveller in Kansas, who has evidently been checked before, for he talks like an old Western pioneer, or a modern gold-miner, thus advises all who intend making a Kansas tour:

My advice to all travellers is, to take along a sack of cooked provisions, a good bottle of brandy to mix with the water, for it is so different, sometimes free-stone, sometimes limestone, brook, branch, creek, river and spring, that you'll have thunder and lightning below in twenty-four hours without it. Also a buffalo robe or big blanket with a box of matches, and with your gun get your meat, camp out, have a little bag of ground coffee and a tin cup; with these you can travel from Jericho to Jerusalem, and avoid the taverns and other annoyances encountered travelling in new countries. Boil or fry your meat on the coals, use bark for a plate; if you have flour, make up the dough in a piece of bark or a tree, twist it round a bending stick, stick one end in the ground, while the dough end hangs over the fire; when one side is baked, turn the other to the fire until baked, and you have a sweet biscuit. A little bag will carry along all articles necessary to be used, and you can squat down anywhere at any time, turn out your team to graze, and become in reality "a squatter sovereign."

PROTESTANT ANNIVERSARY.

It was contemplated, in London, to make the 300th anniversary of the accession of Queen Elizabeth to the throne of England, which occurred on the 17th of November, the occasion of a special celebration commemorative of the event, in connection with the cause of Protestantism.

Theodore Parker's illness has assumed a favorable turn. It is now believed that he will be able to resume his duties.

The consumption—Er. The consumption is considered a favorable turn.

The Last of the Border Ruffians.

The Border Ruffians who once figured so largely in Kansas, are now hard to find, and no one is willing to acknowledge that he was one of them.

Gen. B. F. Stringfellow is about to take up his residence at Memphis, Tenn. He is in too bad odor to remain in Missouri.

His brother, Dr. Stringfellow, has recently joined the Congregational Church, and may be seen partaking of the Sacrament, with his old political enemy, Gen. Pemery. He now declares himself a Free State Democrat, and is strongly recommended by his friends as the proper person to fill the office just vacated by the resignation of Governor Denver.

Gov. Shannon has met with a great moral, as well as political change. He has discontinued the use of his once favorite beverage, whiskey—discarded his Border Ruffian associates—and is now one of the most exemplary men in Leocompton.

His old friend, the notorious Colonel Titus, after proving himself a coward in Central America, and a vagabond in Kansas, headed the Linn County assassins, the remnant of Col. Buford's ragamuffins, and left for Arizona, there to work in the mines, or "if successful, to rob the Spanish Churches."

Chief Justice Lecompte is presiding over a murder trial in Leavenworth.

Jack Henderson, who was conspicuous in making up fraudulent election returns, appeared a few days since in the secret canons of the Democratic party.

Gen. McLean has not made his appearance in the Territory since he perjured himself in connection with the famous cattlebox.

His miserable master, "Gen. Candide Box Calhoun," is inclined to keep at a safe distance from the people over whom he once assumed dictatorial power.

Maj. Clark, the murderer of Barber, has left Fort Scott, where he worked with the Ruffians in the late difficulties, and has taken the office of Purser in the Navy, an appointment conferred upon him by the late Senate.

Emory is in the United States Land Office, at Ogden.

Gen. Whitfield is the Register in the Kickapoo office.

Sheriff Jones has received the appointment of "Receiver" in Arizona.

All the above notorious characters have been, or are now the recipients of important offices under the General Government.

IN A BAD WAY.—The Elizabethtown (Ky.) Democrat thus mourns over the result of the election in Hardin County, last August:

"THE ELECTION.—We are beat—it's no use to try any longer; we are chased up and spit out—we feel now about the consistency and shape of a potato run over by a wagon wheel."

That Louisville Journal, Ike Radley's whiskey, and Tom Samuel's money, have whipped us out. We fought gallantly to win this County. We fought desperately. Speeches from one to three hours in length were made in every precinct in the County; we worked hard individually; all our friends that we could see were hard at work; every voter in the whole County was visited, and yet, in spite of all that, we are beat.

We believe that Almighty God, in his justice, has cursed this County; we don't believe that we will ever have good crops here again; we don't believe our farmers will prosper; we don't believe that Democratic sentiment ever will get a footing in this hard old County. It is our ill-luck weighing us down again. We never desired anything ardent, without being disappointed. We never had a pet, but what he spit in our face; we never made a bet that we didn't lose; and we believe that the spectre of Sam, with gory locks and a vulture-like countenance, is following us day and night, blasting all our undertakings, and keeping the cup of disappointment continually to our lips.

The fact of the business is, fellow citizens, we can never beat. Know-Nothingism in this County, until we raise up a new generation. We think the young men and boys, if properly directed and attended to, will stick to us when they grow up; but as things now stand, Democracy has no more chance in Hardin County, than "a bob-tailed bull in fly time."

CLASSIFYING.—The Chicago Times has a laughable classification of the two hundred and fifteen Buchanan votes cast in the city of Chicago. The following items may serve as specimens:

"Employees in the Post Office, 93; Route Agents, 26; Dr. Brainard, Surgeon Marine Hospital, 1; Patients in same, 21; Employees in Custom House, 12; Col. Carpenter, 1; other Carpenters, 3; Cols. Speed, Shurtle and Nagle, 3; Light House Keeper, 1; United States Marshal and Deputies, 16; Col. Leib, M. D., 1; Col. Blackburn, 1; other Blackburns, 1; Col. Clowry, 1; other Clowrys, 1; Little man with Yellow Sword, 1."

Much is said of the illness of the King of Prussia. He is an imbecile in consequence of strong drink. He is a confirmed drunkard, who has passed into the stupor stage. He has been beat known in Europe for years as "King Clignot," from the name of Champagne, which formed what the Rev. Mr. Stiggins would have called his "particular vanity."

ODD FELLOWS.

Odd Fellows, when together meet,
Are not, perhaps, to add a set
As many people say;
Unless, indeed, it could say be,
That they should meet for charity,
With conscience clear to pay.

When the pale sufferer, seized by death,
But faintly draws his shortening breath,
They cool his fevered tongue,
And gently bathe his throbbing brow,
While scenes of earth, swift floating, now
By single hair stem hang.

Or when the spirit self is gone
To that far land, to us unknown,
To dwell in tests of clay,
The final and glazy eyes they close,
The pale-distended limbs compress,
And to the tomb convey.

Odd Fellows! surely odd they are;
The sick, the dying, have their care,
The hungry, too, are full—
So odd, that they, without regard,
The homeless stranger give a roof,
And where to lay his head.

The Last Man.

The Cincinnati papers notice a curious organization of seven young men into a society, on the 30th September, 1832, while the cholera was raging in that city. Their names were Joseph R. Mason, Wm. Stansberry, Wm. Disney, Jr., Dr. James M. Mason, Fenton Lawson, Henry L. Tatem, and Dr. John L. Vattier. These seven young men had met at the studio of Joseph R. Mason who was then a portrait painter, when the conversation mutually turned on the ravages of the cholera, and they got into a controversy, whether the disease was contagious or non-contagious.

From this they entered into a solemn compact to meet annually, and dine together as long as they lived, and that a bottle of wine should be sealed and drunk in memoriam by the last survivor. The 6th of October was agreed upon as the day on which to hold the anniversary. The bottle, of an octagonal shape, was filled, sealed, and placed in a casket and locked, and each of the men kept the key to the bottle, besides the casket, besides the bottle, were small slips of oil paper, on which each of the men had written his name, place and time of birth, and place of residence at that time, also his age and occupation.

Whoever held the key for the year was to provide the banquet, whether rich or poor, even if it consisted only of a loaf of bread and a cup of water; and it was arranged that, however the number might be reduced by death or absence, seven chairs and seven plates should be set at banquet. Should any be absent, those present were bound to make inquiries as to his whereabouts. Lots were cast for the keeper of the casket for the first year, and it fell to Dr. Vattier. The first annual reunion was held on the 6th of October, 1832, since which time the full number has never been present. On the 12th of August, 1858, Henry L. Tatem died, leaving Dr. Vattier the sole survivor of this singular club; and on the 6th of October, 1858, the Dr. took the last solitary banquet, there being set six empty chairs, and as many empty plates.

STILL HARPING ON THE DEFEAT OF DOUGLAS.

The Chicago Herald, warmed and fed by James Buchanan, still deals out doleful prognostics for Douglas. "Again, 'one day later,' he is 'defeated,' in flaming capitals, backed by stubborn exclamation points, and enforced by a double leaded leader. We are positively assured, once more, that there will be no election of Senator until 1860. The alleged ground for this belief, is the election of two Buchanan Representatives, in Egypt, over the Douglas candidates, and the supposed determination of three 'hold-over' Senators, in that region, to vote against Douglas. The Herald, after stating these details, says:

"We believe, from all the indications perceptible at present, that the defeat of Douglas is certain, and we find there are many, even among his followers and most particular personal and political friends—the cool-headed, common-sense portion of them, who entertain the same belief."

A correspondent of the Springfield Republican says that a natural daughter of Aaron Burr, and residuary legatee, comes curiously into possession of quite a fortune, in this way: Burr held a lease from Trinity Church of the Richmond Hill property, three or four hundred lots in the centre of New York, for sixty-six years. He released the land for sixty-three years to Astor and others, and this lease expires in 1860. The lease for three years then belongs to Burr's daughter, and the claim is indisputable, and the value of the lease is very great. Already several of the lessees have compromised the claim for from \$1,500 to \$2,000.

The Washington Union has a leader on "The distracting question of 1848 revived in the Democratic party in 1858," and foreshadowing the exclusion of Douglas and all his adherents from the Charleston Convention, in 1860.

On the second and third of November, 1813, just forty-five years ago, the first sale of lots took place in New Albany, Indiana, or rather in the wilderness upon which New Albany has since been built.

Bill English is said to have declared his determination to adhere to the restoration clause of the English Bill—repudiated by him "in an unguarded moment"—through fear of defeat.

The Washington Union speaks of Douglas' friends in Illinois, as "Kinderhook philosophers and Buffalo heretics."

Useful and Curious.

KEEP WARM.—The Tribune has a correspondent who offers the following excellent and practical advice for this season of the year:

"I have in my life seen a great deal of cholera—perhaps as much as any other medical man—and nine cases out of ten have occurred, or at least commenced at night—generally towards morning. Now for the reason:

"The first part of the night is often as warm as, and sometimes warmer than, the day. It is natural and necessary to lie cool, and we do so. From midnight to morning the temperature falls, and we often wake up with an apprehensive sense of something about the stomach and bowels.

"If we have at hand a proper supply of warm clothing, and cover instantly and sufficiently, we soon become warm and are safe. If we do not, we feel sick, vomit, and soon purge. We have lost so much of our caloric, or life of the body, as to decompose our fluids, and what ever contents there are in the stomach and bowels.

"If some one else can get it for us—hot ginger tea, hot brandy and water, camphor, capicum, or any other hot thing, will help; laudanum will not. But the best thing we can do is to lie still and wrap up warm. Once warm, we are safe. I have saved myself and others from an impending attack of cholera, simply by wrapping up warm when the chill begins."

CHARCOAL FOR SWINE.—It is not, perhaps, generally known that one of the best articles that can be given to swine while in preparation for the tub, is common charcoal. The nutritive properties are so great that they have subsisted on it without other food for weeks together. Geese, confined so as to deprive them of motion, and fastened on three grains of corn per day, and as much coal as they can devour, have become fat in eight days. The hog eats it voraciously after a little time, and is never sick while he has a good supply. It should always be kept in the sty, and fed to the inmates regularly like all other food.

HINT FOR FEVER-AND-AGUE FOLK.—The "Scalpel" for October, Dr. Dixon's always interesting medical review, has a correspondent who insists that "fever and ague" has nothing to do with marsh miasma, but is the result of solar evaporation. He asserts that, if your residence be surrounded by trees, so as to admit direct rays of the sun, but yet sufficiently clear of undergrowth to allow of free ventilation, intermittent fever of all kinds may be laughed at, however numerous stagnant waters may be in the vicinity. The idea is worthy dissemination.

SPRAINS.—A gentleman of Collinsville, Illinois, writes that having a severely sprained ankle, he took a teaspoon full of common salt and a pint of sweet milk, and boiled them together till of the consistency of a poultice, then spread this on a cloth, and bound it round the ankle. The next morning there was a little weakness, but the soreness and lameness had all gone. Our correspondent says that cider vinegar with salt, is also good, and just as good for horses and cattle as for men, and should be applied in the same way.

EGG DRESSINGS.—Make a batter of a pint of milk, two well beaten eggs, a teaspoonful of salt, and flour enough to make a batter as thick as for pound cake; have a clean saucepan of boiling water; let the water boil fast, drop in the batter by the tablespoonful; four or five minutes will boil them; take them with a skimmer on a dish, put a bit of butter and pepper over, and serve with boiled or cold meat; for a little desert, put butter and grated nutmeg, with syrup or sugar over.

HOW TO SAVE YOUR SHOES SOLES.—It consists merely in melting together tallow and common rosin, in the proportion of two parts of the former to one part of the latter, and applying the preparation hot to the soles of the boots or shoes—as much of it as the leather will absorb. One substantial farmer declares that this little recipe alone has been worth more than the price of five years' subscription to the newspaper publishing it.

RECIPE.—The following Receipt works like a charm in whooping cough:

Spirits of Hartshorn, Spirits of Turpentine, Laudanum, Sweet Oil; prepare in equal parts for a liniment, rub it on the chest, palms of the hands and soles of the feet for some minutes before going to bed—may also be applied during the day. A few grains of Camphor may be added with advantage.—Houston Republic.

The Boston Medical and Surgical Journal publishes several cases in which off was used successfully as an antidote for the bite of poisonous reptiles, applied externally and internally.

NICE DOUGHNUTS.—One pint of sour milk, soda enough to sweeten, one teaspoonful of sugar, seven tablespoonfuls of melted lard, two eggs, flour enough to roll out easily.

In winter, set the handle of your pump as high as possible at night, or throw a blanket over it.

Half a cranberry bound on a corn will soon kill it.